

Story for Everyman



" . . . Good tidings of great joy which shall

who know and for those who still have doubt, a book, in
other words, for us all.

BARCLAY BARON.

* *He Walked in Light: the Story of Our Lord.* By Lord Gorell.
(Odhams. 10s. 6d.)

Toc H Women's Association

... ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER.



The Toc H Journal—*Christmas 1954*
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Story for Everyman

WITH A QUOTATION upon the title-page of his new book* Lord Gorell gives, in the grand and simple words of the 71st Psalm, his reason for writing it—“Forsake me not, O God, in mine old age, when I am grey-headed: until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation, and thy power to all them that are yet to come”. He is both a student and a man of affairs, he not only holds high position among teachers and literary men but has had much to do with the Army and aviation. “This book”, he writes, “is the outcome of prolonged thought, much reading and many discussions”, and it is indeed the fine fruit of a long life of varied experience.

Is there really room (anyone has a right to ask) for yet another life of Jesus of Nazareth? For since St. Mark set down the tremendous story in the simplest words, it has been retold a thousand times and in a hundred tongues, both by believers and unbelievers, whether critically, devotionally or romantically. There is still no end to its telling.

New light

The answer surely is that there is not only room but much need for a book just like this. It follows the Gospel narrative, comparing the records of the four Evangelists, step by step, but it is no mere paraphrase. For at every step it expands and explains the narrative; it adds interpretations which often throw new light upon an old fact taken too much for granted. And it takes full account of the opinion of others; it faces honestly all critics, whether sympathetic or hostile or even absurd. The wise disciple is ready to hear all men’s replies to Christ’s question “Whom say ye that I am?” If he walks in the way Lord Gorell has found he will give the same answer—“My Lord and my God”. This is a book, then, both for those who know and for those who still have doubt, a book, in other words, for us all.

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Captives Courageous

THE REV. S. J. DAVIES was Chaplain to the 1st Battalion The Gloucester Regiment in the Korean War. He took part with them in the Battle of the Imjin River and chose to stay with the doctor and the wounded when the position was evacuated by the Battalion. He was captured by the Chinese and remained a prisoner for two-and-a-half years.

*In Spite of Dungeons** tells the story of his fantastic adventures in Chinese hands. It is simply written and gives a most vivid account of the conditions in captivity. The book takes its title from the hymn that became the prisoners' battle cry '*Faith of our fathers living still in spite of dungeon, fire and sword*' and the author fully justifies his title when describing how, in spite of everything that the Chinese could do, the prisoners maintained unflinchingly their Christian standards of behaviour and worship.

Appalling hardships

The Chinese had a great deal of difficulty in appreciating the status of a chaplain and clearly equated his function with that of their own commissars. The provisions of the Geneva Convention were a closed book to them. The author first demonstrated his physical stamina and courage by surviving a horrifying march of six hundred miles on quite pitiful rations and under appalling hardships.

When all attempts to break the prisoners' spirits by callous brutality had failed, the Chinese adopted what they called "the lenient policy." This assumed that their captives were merely dupes and tools of the reactionary fascist capitalists and that their lives were being preserved in order that they could learn the real truth. To implement this policy the prisoners were subjected to interminable lectures on such subjects as "Corruption of U.N. by the American Warmongers" and "Churchill, tool of the Truman-McArthur-Dulles Fascist clique." Those who adopted a hostile attitude to this "leniency" were placed in solitary confinement.

* *In Spite of Dungeons*. By the Rev. S. J. Davies. (Hodder & Stoughton 12s. 6d.)

As part of this "lenient" policy, Davies was allowed to hold certain services under the most rigorous supervision. He was permanently deprived of Eucharistic vessels and ecclesiastical vestments and was only allowed wine for Holy Communion on the great festivals. When he complained bitterly about these restrictions he was placed in solitary confinement. This meant living in a filthy cell 6 feet by 4 feet only furnished by a piece of sacking contemptuously thrown in by one of the guards. In the next cell was the Adjutant of the Gloucesters and Davies describes most movingly how they joined together in their evening prayers, the means of communication being through tapping on the wall.

In Spite of Dungeons makes it abundantly clear that there is no compromise between Christianity and Communism. It shows how the courage and endurance of many prisoners of all nationalities won a great victory of the spirit for the Christian faith. Mr. Davies' book will give real encouragement to all those who are striving to maintain their faith in this difficult and bewildering age.

KEN OLIVER.

Branch Banners — VII Radlett



The main feature of this banner is based on the bronze hart, designed by Alfred Drury, R.A., which surmounts the War Memorial at Hertford.

A hart, but *couchant* in this instance, also occurs in the Coat of Arms of Hertfordshire. The design and lettering of the banner are in gold on a black background. It was first carried when Radlett received their Lamp at the Royal Albert Hall Festival in 1925.

LESLIE KENT.

Worrell Chain of Light and Vigil

October 22, 1854



"Lord, when men meet within these Upper
Rooms,

Show them the wisdom of the work of *it* . . .
Here may the light shed widely on our wills,
Make plain the way for each, the way for all."

(Signed by Wm. P.B.C.)



A Christmas Job

At this time of the year, Branches all over the country are busy with their plans to provide a little pleasure for those in need, especially the children. Here is an outline of how the members of Blackpool Branch tackle the job.

THE NAMES are given to us by Schools, Churches and our Chief Constable's Fund. On a large map of the town shewing all the streets, each particular area is coloured so that when our parcels are made up each one has on it a coloured label corresponding to the particular area, as well as the child's name and address, so that, whoever delivers the parcels knows exactly where to go. The toys are got from a variety of places, many from church Toy Services, quite a lot from one of the big stores who put out a large box in the toy department into which people drop a toy after buying it at the stall. This box, the size of a tea chest, is filled to overflowing several times. From a given date we start sorting out the gifts into various age groups, usually from one year to twelve, boys and girls.

We buy or procure lashings of brown paper and string, and on the parcelling nights lists of names and streets are handed out to us. Then we go round the various heaps of toys to make up our parcels, each of us making up one set of a certain colour. This is quite a job, because some of our needy families have as many as ten children, ages ranging from one year upwards, but, it's a happy time and worth all the effort. It also gets other folk working with us; the Rover Crew of Blackpool have been a great help this last two years. Although there are some people who impose on the scheme, in the main only the needy ones benefit.

On Christmas Eve the distribution is done without any confusion, each group of helpers being enabled to serve a given area without waste of time. It is a piece of team-work that pays dividends and although there is little publicity we feel that Toc H is a name which spells Christianity in action to quite a number of people who might otherwise be wavering in their faith.

S. BRENTNALL.

A Secret Word-Square

AT A TIME when Mithraism, the one-time rival of Christianity, has been in the news, it may not be inopportune to call attention to a little-known intriguing by-path of early Christianity. At several widely distant places of the ancient Roman Empire have been found scratched on walls or pillars a Latin word-square as shown here. The usual word-square reads only across and downwards, but this one can also be read from the bottom righthand corner both upwards and across from right to left. From that it follows that, if the sentence is written in one line, it is found to be a palindrome, i.e. it can also be read backwards. Reading from the bottom the translation, on the surface, is "The sower (*named*) Arepo holds at his work the (*plough*) wheels." The problem has been to ascertain the hidden inner significance of this sentence which has been found in the form shown (and, later elsewhere, commencing with the word SATOR) at the Roman city of Cirencester, on the river Euphrates and at Pompeii. The solution given below suggests that in this apparently harmless word-square Christians could reveal to fellow-Christians their secret faith, while at the same time concealing from pagans their allegiance to the new persecuted religion.

Many have taken these twenty-five letters and shuffled them as one does with the letters of an anagram in a crossword. Nearly thirty years ago a German scholar at last discovered that these twenty-five letters would form the first two words of the Lord's Prayer in Latin, i.e., *PATER NOSTER*, twice over (except for the use of the central *N* once only) when placed in the form of a cross, with *A* and *O* also used twice at the extremities of the cross.



In this connection must be remembered the phrase in the book of Revelation, "I am Alpha (A) and Omega (O), the beginning and the end," this symbolism being derived from the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet. It is not, of course, being suggested that the author of the cryptogram knew of the book of Revelation, which did not exist at the time of Pompeii's destruction, but that both authors knew the phrase as a traditional unrecorded saying of our Lord.

To revert to the word-square itself: a TAU-cross is a T-cross, the usual form of pagan cross without the Christian headpiece. Taking the cross formed by the two central words, TENET, it will be seen that each of the four extremities terminates in a symbolic TAU-cross, while Alphas (A) and Omegas (O) are spaced symmetrically in the square. The original square was of course all in capital letters: here small and capital letters have been used so that the symbolic letters can be picked out more readily. The sequence of evolution of this formula would be that it originated at Rome in the cruciform version to serve as a talisman, and was later under necessity converted with great ingenuity into the highly intricate word-square to serve still as a talisman, but particularly as a secret sign.

Widespread discoveries

Further details of places where this word-square has been found are as follows: In 1868 it was found on wallplaster in the Roman city of Cirencester. In 1933 at Doura on the Euphrates four examples were discovered in rooms attached to the temple of Azzanathkona. Early in the third century A.D. these rooms were diverted to military uses for a Roman garrison and it is suggested that legionaries used the cryptogram to conceal and reveal their Christian faith. At Pompeii an incomplete example was found in 1925 and a complete one in 1936, which seems to indicate that there was a small Christian community there in the first century A.D., before the overwhelming and sealing up of Pompeii and nearby Herculaneum by volcanic ashes and lava in 79 A.D. This theory gains some support from the fact (a) that St. Paul on landing in Italy in 60 A.D. found Christian 'brethren' at the port of Puteoli (from which Pompeii is barely twenty miles distant) and (b) that Nero's persecution of Christians in 64 A.D., as scapegoats for the great Fire of Rome, would have further emphasised the need for secrecy in the new faith.

Furthermore, in 1939 there was found at Herculaneum on the plaster wall of a slave's mean room in the upper storey of a patrician house the sunken imprint (seventeen inches high) of a wooden Christian cross which had been removed. Before this imprint was a small pedestal cupboard and in front of it a small low wooden stool, which articles some have claimed served as an improvised *prie-dieu* for use in private devotions before the cross.

A date prior to 79 A.D. presents difficulties to some scholars which compel them to reject the probability of a Christian origin for this cryptogram. It cannot be proved conclusively that the cruciform *PATER NOSTER* is the correct interpretation of this secret word-square, but it is surely difficult to believe that such a remarkable solution is merely an amazing coincidence.

W. M. LIESCHING



A Christmas Play

NATIVITY PLAYS mostly tend to run along familiar lines, but in *Miracle at Midnight*,* Mr. Tom Fleming breaks fresh ground with his unusual treatment of the Eternal Theme.

The narration is sustained, often in moving verse, by an age-less shepherd lad who stayed behind guarding the flock while his brothers hastened to Bethlehem to do homage to the new-born Babe. Throughout the ages he still maintains watch and pleads, lest we, too, fail to see the mystery and glory of God's Self-revelation. Other characters typify the world with all its sophistication and also its restless seeking and longing.

When this play was first performed at the Gateway Theatre, Edinburgh, in December, 1952, some critics found it obscure while others praised its simplicity. To anyone in search of a Christmas Play requiring only a small cast and little scenery, a reading of *Miracle at Midnight* may well prove most rewarding.

* *Miracle at Midnight*. A play with carols for Christmas by Tom Fleming. (Epworth Press. 6s. 0d.)

Multum in Parvo ~or much in little

¶ THE WORLD CHAIN OF LIGHT will be observed simultaneously throughout the world from the time when it is 9 p.m. by Greenwich mean time on Saturday, December 11. During the twenty-four hours that follow many members will be keeping a Vigil of prayer and preparation. The team on duty each hour in turn will be remembering Toc H in that part of the world where it is 9 p.m. by local time, and will be submitting the whole family of Toc H to the will of God now and in the year ahead.

¶ MEMBERS are asked to complete the review of their membership during the World Chain of Light and before the end of the year, so that all renewals can be recorded on Branch and Area Members' Rolls for 1955 early in January.

¶ ALAN PATON, Hon. Commissioner of Toc H in South Africa, has been given the degree of Doctor of Humane Letters (L.H.D.) by the University of Yale, U.S.A.

¶ HOWARD COOKSEY has been compelled to resign from the Central Executive on leaving the College of St. Mark and St. John, Chelsea, to become Principal of the College for Malayan Teachers, to be opened near Wolverhampton next year. In his place Colonel JOHN DAVIES, Chairman of the Beds. & Herts. Area Executive, has been co-opted to the Central Executive.

¶ After five years in the Oxford & Thames Valley Area and four years in the Southern Area, Padre DICK TUESDAY will be leaving the staff at the end of this year. Our thanks to him are coupled with best wishes for his complete recovery of good health.

¶ The Rev. A. G. KNIGHT, B.D., Minister of Watling Congregational Church, Mill Hill, has been appointed to the staff of Toc H from January and will be going to the Southern Area in February.

¶ LESLIE LE MAITRE ("LEMON") will continue to live in Western Australia when he finishes his nine years' whole-time

service at the end of this month. Best wishes to him from many friends in the Old Country.

⌘ BRIAN LYNES, now in Australia, will be working in Queensland.

⌘ Toc H will be in occupation of FARNHAM CASTLE during August 1955. Details will appear in the January JOURNAL. No bookings can be received before February 1, 1955.

⌘ Nominations of candidates to serve on next year's CENTRAL EXECUTIVE, which will meet monthly on Saturday afternoons, are requested from Central Councillors by the end of February.

⌘ For Diaries: April 23-24, 1955—Toc H FESTIVAL in London.



'A darned expensive custom'

"We had a lovely Christmas, thanks,"
replied the man next door,
"A darned expensive custom, though—
it's never cost me more.
"The firm cut surplus profits
with large bonuses to staff
"And handsome presents round the trade;
has something made you laugh?
"I spent a lot of money on the wife
and kiddies too,
"Sent gifts to all our relatives,
including poor Aunt Prue :
" 'How kind of you,' her letter read,
'but I'm so out of touch,
" 'A visit from you, now and then,
would thrill me twice as much.'
"Such gratitude! We struck her off
our list for 'Fifty-five,
"Although I doubt the mean old stick
has long to be alive."

"What was I saying? Christmas?
 Yes, we had a jolly time:
 "A turkey, puddings, cake, of course;
 a West End pantomime.
 "And yet, believe it if you like:
 the kids, on Christmas Day,
 "Got tired and restless, begged to go
 to Church, across the way.
 "And came back jabbering some tale
 of shepherds and a star,
 "Of wise men and a Baby Boy—
 you know what children are!
 "They soon forgot that far-fetched stuff,
 and settled down again
 "With indoor fireworks, spaceman's kit,
 T.V., and model 'plane . . .
 "Oh yes, we made the most of it,"
 declared the man next door,
 "But, just between ourselves, old man,
 aren't Christmases a bore?"

DOROTHY FLANN.

Two Men and a Barrow

BOYS are frequently to be seen pushing home-made barrows, but when two men are seen doing so eyebrows are raised. Yet in the Roehampton area this has become so common that it passes without attracting more than a passing glance. The men who do the pushing are members of the Putney Park Toc H Branch and their barrow, or to give it its official title, "Putney Park Toc H Transport", is loaded with cinema equipment which enables them to give entertainment to the old people's homes in the district.

The barrow was made from an old sea chest and it has travelled more than five hundred miles in its duty as film transport and salvage. In addition to conveying the film equipment, the barrow has been used to collect nearly three tons of paper and about seven and a half tons of rags.

The wheels have been changed once, the handles many times, but the body remains firm though not glamorous. The salvage is one of the means by which funds are raised to give these entertainments and parties at Christmas.

Of course, the "barrow boys" have not always found things going smoothly. Their first show was very nearly a disaster.

Taxi to the rescue

In heavy rain with the barrow well and truly loaded, both handles protested at the weight, and two wet Toc H members were stranded in the middle of Upper Richmond Road with only ten minutes to reach the old people's home — a taxi driver saved the situation.



O'Hara, Richmond 5256

Two men and a barrow

Since then their transport has never let them down. Several times when trundling the barrow across the Common the suspicions of the ever-watchful police have been roused, but always were the Toc H men allowed to go on their way with a compliment from the officer on the good work they were doing.

Now, however, the barrow is well known to most of the police patrol cars and there are no "hold-ups" for questioning but a cheery wave of the hand.

Favourite films

At the present time the barrow visits five homes giving two shows fortnightly. The Branch would be prepared to do this weekly.

The films shown are silent; this is in keeping with the old people, being more restful than they would be with noisy sound films. Favourites with the old people are Charlie

Chaplin and Harold Lloyd comedies. A large hire library of films, including dramas, western and travel are available.

Strange though it may seem the team has encountered one elderly lady who was amazed to see something move on a screen. Having had a secluded life, the Toc H provided her with her first experience of films.

The costs

The average time of a show is approximately one-and-a-half to two hours. The Wandsworth Borough Council grant £5 per year towards the cost and a £2 2s. donation last year from the L.C.C. helped considerably. The remaining expenses, which are in the region of £20 to £30, are borne by the Branch out of their salvage work, which also maintains the expenses for Christmas parties and other good works.

Many requests were, and still are, made for the Coronation colour film, but the extra hire charge on such films has been so far out of their reach.

Reprinted from "Barnes & Mortlake Herald".

THE DANCING FLEECE

The story of the manufacture of wool cloth dramatized in the form of a ballet.

Sound
Colour
20 mins.

FINE WOOLS OF TASMANIA

A pictorial description of Tasmania with special reference to activities on some of the island's more important sheep properties.

Sound
Colour
17 mins.

FLOCKS OF THE YIELD

Sheep farming in South Africa, its difficulties and dangers; the annual muster and trek to the shearing sheds.

Sound
Black & White
11 mins.

FOCUS ON THE DROVER

The life and work of a drover on an Australian sheep station.

Sound
Black & White
15 mins.

SHEEP DRIVE, WELLINGTON & MUSTERING IN OTAGO *(Two episodes on one film)*

Scenes of sheep husbandry in the North and South Islands of New Zealand, with superb views of characteristic landscapes.

Sound
Black & White
12 mins.

SHEEP IN THE DESERT

The problems of sheep farming in the desert region of Central Australia.

Sound
Black & White
8 mins.

VALLEY SETTLERS

The domestic and social life of farming families in the Hawkes Bay area of New Zealand. Scenes of sheep dipping and branding.

Sound
Black & White
13 mins.

For a full list of 16 mm. sound films available on free loan write to:

**DIRECTOR OF EDUCATION, INTERNATIONAL WOOL SECRETARIAT,
DORLAND HOUSE, 18-20 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.**

Far Cry

Overseas Notes and News

SAFE ARRIVAL

SOME TIME AGO I booked a sea passage over the counter of a famous travel agency in Trafalgar Square, the "heart of the Empire". The man who coped with the matter, and who must deal with hundreds of people every week actually presumed that by giving the name "Toc H" I really meant "H. Toc, Esq.". He was completely at sea and nothing in my brief explanation rang the faintest bell; neither Tubby, nor the '14/18 War, nor Talbot House, nor Lamps of Maintenance—*nothing*. His complete unawareness of Toc H was humbling and doubtless good for us.



The G.P.O., however, is evidently better informed, for Leslie Wheatley, who serves the S.E. London Area from Tower Hill, has just received a letter from Cairo addressed to "Les Wheatley, Esq., London, E.C.3." with a rough sketch of a Lamp in the middle of the envelope. We reproduce it for your interest and because the writer, E. H. Ellis, and the G.P.O. have together paid Toc H a friendly compliment.

"U.K. OFFICIAL'S VERY KIND ACT"

This is the heading of an item of inconsequential gossip in the *Highland Echo* of Vancouver. It comes to the JOURNAL via Charles Wake, whose insatiable appetite for foreign stamps for sale on behalf of the Family Purse is well known everywhere. (Send them direct to him at 142 St. Margarets Road. Edgware, Middlesex, England!)

The item itself reads as follows:—

This is a complicated little story which, fortunately, has a happy ending. Arthur H. James (Secretary of Toc H Vancouver) of 1521 Venables Street is a patient in the General Hospital and his sister in England, Mrs. John Slater, wished to express her sympathy and regards with a gift of flowers.

The regulations in the Old Land are still so strict that she was unable to send money to Canada for this purpose so she wrote to Rex Alston, the British Commentator at the B.B.C., to whom she was quite unknown, and asked him to send the flowers on her promise to repay him on his return.

Mr. Alston rose to the occasion and on Saturday last a large bouquet of pink gladioli arrived at the hospital.

Mr. James has asked the *Echo* to record his thanks to Mr. Alston for his wonderful gesture made at a time when he must have been so fully occupied with his duties in connection with the B.B.C.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

P.O. Box 351E,
G.P.O. Brisbane.

Dear Geoffrey,

I was on the point of writing to you to ask what action is taken to introduce Toc H'ers and others to Toc H on coming to Australia.

In Queensland we are taking an increasing interest in the assimilation of migrants, and of course we are always keen to meet members of Toc H who migrate to this State. The reason I was going to write was that recently I came in contact with two English Toc H members now in Queensland. I met them by accident and they explained that they did not know how to get in touch with us here. Perhaps the lack of publicity of Toc H activities by us here is at fault.

Kindest regards,

Yours sincerely,

ALLAN MANN.

Hon. Area Secretary, Queensland.

One shudders to think how many otherwise sensible members are enquiring fruitlessly of strangers all over the world "can you tell me if there's a Toc H Branch here?" A postcard sent to their headquarters before leaving their own country would have set some very useful wheels in motion and saved them a great deal of research at their destination.

GEOFF MARTIN.

The Elder Brethren

ARBEN.—On October 8, JAMES WILLIAM ARBEN, aged 62, a member of Woodford Branch. Elected 19.5.'32.

COOMBS.—On October 16, ALBERT COOMBS, a member of Verwood Branch. Elected 9.9.'33.

GRANT.—On October 27, CHARLES GORDON GRANT, aged 54, a member of Coney Hall Branch. Elected 20.7.'38.

HAVARD.—On August 8, DAVID HENRY HAVARD, aged 65, a founder member of Pontlottyn Branch. Elected 8.11.'49.

HIGHAM.—On October 20, Canon ERNEST RICHARD WRIGHT HIGHAM, formerly Padre in Buenos Aires and the Southern Area. Elected 1.1.'23.

HOCKETT.—On October 26, STANLEY HOCKETT, aged 43, late Chairman of R.H.H.I. Branch. Elected 8.9.'52.

HOLLAND.—On July 1, WILLIAM JOSEPH HOLLAND, ('Pop'), aged 80, a member of Edmonton Branch. Elected 1.12.'31.

JAMES.—On July 31, JOHN DAVID JAMES, O.B.E., aged 70, a member of Aberdare Branch. Elected 3.11.'37.

KING.—On October 11, JOHN THOMAS KING, aged 72, a member of Llandudno Junction Branch. Elected 1.12.'36.

ROTHERY.—On October 14, HAROLD OMEGA ROTHERY, aged 75, a member of Bebington Branch. Elected 19.3.'54.

SMITH.—On October 5, ERNEST SMITH ('Smithy'), aged 75, a founder member of Bishop Auckland Branch. Elected 14.12.'31.

WHEELER.—On October 5, LEONARD EDWARD WHEELER, aged 61, a member of Bedhampton & Havant Branch. Elected 2.9.'54.

WINSER.—On August 11, WILLIAM ERNEST WINSER, aged 71, a member of St. Thomas Branch. Elected 3.10.'36.

In Memoriam : Stuart Strathy

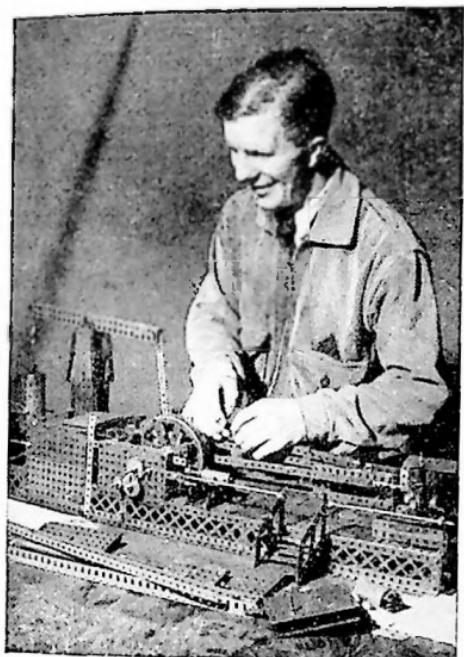
STUART STRATHY, who retired from Toronto, and spent the earlier years of his retirement in Jersey, passed to rest upon October 1. His dear wife, Margaret, sent this news to Tubby.

Stuart gave his only son, who made his last Communion in the Upper Room at Talbot House in Poperinghe, in 1916. When Tubby went to Canada in '22 and again in '25 with Pat Leonard, and succeeded in establishing in Toronto the gallant little house known as Mark II.C, Stuart Strathy helped them with supreme devotion. Stuart continued to be associated with Toc H and helped All Hallows Church through his long life. Toc H will long uphold his honoured name. His son's Memorial Room is in Mark II. His daughter also took a leading part in the campaign of 1925.

A Mark and a Marksman

THE most dignified street in Liverpool is Rodney Street and, of its gracious Georgian houses, the most interesting is number sixty-two. Here on December 29, 1809, was born William Ewart Gladstone, later to be four times Prime Minister of England. Some twenty years ago his third son, Henry, presented this house to Toc H.

It is an altogether pleasing house with rooms that are large and light. Passages and little staircases lead intriguingly here and there and up and down. In the dining-room is the kind of fireplace inside which you can sit. A lovely room is the library with its property of peace.



Associated Photo Services, Liverpool

the violin. He it is who does the household repairs and is quite unbaffled by the internal complexities of the wireless set or the vacuum cleaner. Among his hobbies is the construction of mechanical models and here is a photograph, recently printed in a Liverpool newspaper, of Harry and the model of a beam engine which he made himself.

F. J. GREEN.

Rediscovering Toc H

11 — More about the Underlying Purpose

IT IS INTERESTING as well as instructive to go through the various statements of the aims of Toc H and notice the different ways in which each one of those aims is expressed. The closing phrases of the Main Resolution, for instance, are also to be found (in a different order) in the Four Points of the Compass. It is worth while thinking deeply about all that is said by Toc H which directly refers to the Christian life, and also about what is not said. The Toc H Prayer (which in its beginning and ending bears a striking resemblance to the Main Resolution) tells us a lot about this. It was adapted by Tubby from the prayer of the Knutsford Ordination Test School, which has often been described as one of the cradles of our Movement; it's original author was the late Canon F. M. Sykes, O.B.E. ('Psycho'), when he was Vice-Principal and Tubby was Chaplain of the School in 1919. Nearly all of us use it at least once a week, though often thoughtlessly I fear. It is a most rewarding subject for meditation.

O GOD who hast so wonderfully made Toc H, and set men in it to see their duty as thy will, teach us to live together in love and joy and peace; to check all bitterness; to disown discouragement; to practise thanksgiving, and to leap with joy to any task for others. Strengthen the good thing thus begun; that with gallant and high-hearted happiness we may work for thy kingdom in the wills of men; through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

The very first phrase puts Toc H in its true light—and shows us up at the same time. If this really is God's show, we often go about His business in a regrettably lackadaisical* manner! If we are sincere in saying that God has set us in it to see our duty as His Will, we dare not treat the Move-

* "Lackadaisical—Languishing, affected, given to airs and graces feebly sentimental".—Concise Oxford Dictionary.

ment as merely a pleasant hobby in which we indulge when, and in so far as, we feel inclined; the opening of this prayer is meant to pull us up sharply every week. Having realised that, let us also take note that joy, happiness, the giving of thanks are mentioned in this short prayer no less than four times. We ask that we may be taught to live together (the family idea again) in joy, as well as in love and peace; to go about our Service joyfully; that God will so strengthen our beginners' efforts that we may do His work bravely, with high-hearted happiness—with hearts lifted up. Clearly Toc H is meant to be a joyful and happy affair, just as Christianity itself is meant to be; and so it is, when we are not taking ourselves too seriously.

All learners

A lot of this prayer is asking to be taught things. We are all in Toc H as learners; the Apprentice who thinks he knows it all is not yet a fit and proper person to be made a member, and when a member gets to that stage it's time to resign and begin all over again. Always down to earth, Toc H calls upon us to *practise* the giving of thanks. When we were children we were told to count our blessings. It is an injunction we ought never to grow out of, for there's always so much for which to thank God. Obviously, for us this must mean something more than words. Jesus said "If ye love me, keep my commandments". We were also told when we were children always to say "Thank you" for any gift, for any kindness, for even the smallest courtesy; yet how often do we hear the Chairman, in his anxiety to express the fact that we don't have formal *votes* of thanks, say bluntly "We don't thank people in Toc H"? Immediately afterwards we repeat this prayer! I only hope that God has a sense of humour!

What about living together in love? There's a word to think about! It doesn't mean liking or even affection, it goes much further than friendship but has nothing to do with passion. Read again what St. Paul says of it (1 Cor: 13—preferably as translated by J. B. Phillips in *Letters to Young Churches*) and you will begin to see, not only what "To love widely" means but also why the word "humbly" is so prominent in the Toc H vocabulary. The man who has this gift of love, says Paul, is a patient man, not over-bearing or self-important; he has good manners and is unselfish: he

is not a touchy kind of chap; he sees the good in others and is slow to think evil of them; he can take anything and go on taking it. He is, in fact, a truly humble man. Here and there in Toc H we meet men like this and they are amongst our greatest leaders, for in them we see the likeness of our Lord. Paul also says that love never fails. Of course it doesn't, if you have enough of it.

Discouragement attacks all of us from time to time, both individually and collectively. In this prayer we ask, not to be delivered from it, not to be shown how to fight it, but to be taught how to disown it—to chuck it out altogether. And so, when we have learnt that lesson, discouragement doesn't exist for us in Toc H any more, until the enemy returns to the attack and we have to learn afresh. We can fight discouragement with fortitude, but we can only disown it by means of faith. Whenever we lose sight, for whatever reason, of the fact that God never fails us, we begin to fail Him.

When we have been taught something of these basic things—of the art of living together, the checking of all bitterness (reflect upon the terrible bitterness of our Lord's disappointments and His suffering—but He was never bitter) and all the rest—then is “the good thing” only begun. It is begun, however, with a definite object, and here in the proverbial nutshell is stated the object of Toc H—that we should work for God's Kingdom.

The Kingdom

What then is this Kingdom? We are not told. Jesus said quite a lot about the sort of people who would or would not get into it and He gave some illustrations in very general terms to show what it was like, but He never defined or described it in so many words. We are not told—and yet we know. Our founders had a vision of it in Talbot House and that was why Toc H was born. We too can catch glimpses of the Kingdom, though we do not always find it in a Toc H meeting. Wherever two or three are gathered together in Christ's name, doing their best to allow Him to reign in their hearts, and to rule their lives and their corporate life; wherever men are thus living together in love and joy and peace, practising thanksgiving and leaping with joy to any task for others; wherever there is true Fellowship, Service and Fairmindedness; wherever men have honestly striven to

listen for the voice of God and to know His Will—there is His Kingdom. It is well to remember that in it He is the absolute ruler and we are his subjects and servants; and that, despite all our clichés, we can neither build it nor bring it in. We can only make ready for it, receive it, enter it ourselves and seek to persuade others to come into it with us. We can also work for it, failing which we are unlikely to receive it. We are to work for it (says the prayer) in men's wills—in our own wills. The collector who found the supremely lovely pearl wanted it so much that he gave up everything he had in order to get it. We need just that kind of desire and ardent longing for the Kingdom. We are to work for it also in the wills of others, that they may come to long for it too.

Fundamental need

Looking once more over the various statements of the aims of Toc H, certain things now become clear. Each of our activities has its purpose, without being an end in itself. We hold meetings because they are essential to any kind of fellowship, but Toc H doesn't exist for the purpose of holding meetings. We have behind us, and I hope in front of us too, a record of service of which we need not be ashamed; there must be service in any Movement professing Christian principles, but what is actually done in this one is less important than making men want to give themselves in service to their fellows. We need to increase our numbers, not in order to be successful in the eyes of the world but because, for one thing, our machinery doesn't function unless it is properly manned. No Branch with a single-figure membership-roll can work the Toc H plan effectively; for example, the whole conception of Jobmastery is based on having sufficient manpower to pick a team. Even more important, unless we are continually spreading our enthusiasm to new men, we are not doing the work we have been given to do. The constant cry for more Extension and for enough money to provide full-time leaders for it is based entirely on this fundamental need. The Movement must always be challenging new men to attempt its way of life, both individually and in new units; and therefore we cannot expect to have only whole-hearted Christians in it. Whenever we are thinking about whom to invite to a meeting or a Guest-night—or better still, about where to seek help for a job of service—the men to look for

are those who stand most in need of the reassurance of our faith. It has been most truly said that a Toc H which doesn't grow is a contradiction in terms.

Now we can see the pattern whole. Everything in our objects, all our activities, our ceremonies and all our machinery, are meant to be directed towards this challenging of men; and we ourselves must allow the Lamp to shine on everything we do and say and think, all through life. The underlying purpose of Toc H is to lead us nearer to God, and through us to lead others nearer to Him, with us to labour that His Kingdom may come. His Will be done, on earth as it is in Heaven.

MAYNE ELSON.

* * *

YORKSHIRE WEEK-END

University camp hall, Cottingham, East Yorkshire, was the venue of the 1954 Yorkshire Conference Week-end. Cottingham is traditionally the centre of a busy horticultural district. It was therefore appropriate that members were able to hear first-hand from an 'expert gardener'—our Administrator John Callf. He gave us some hints on the cultivation and development of men and women and the type of 'soil' of which our family Branch life should be composed so that members and probationers could grow to their full stature. How it could help men to grow as God meant them, and to lead them up to the point of illumination attained in the Upper Room at Poperinghe and which must be attained again if we are to win the 'real' world war which is facing us every day. We must take care to achieve a mixture in our Branches and be calculating about the kind of men wanted for the qualities they will bring with them. Just as a gardener makes things grow, so we also must make things happen—not just let them happen.

John's two sessions led us to group discussion of important questions raised in *Something to Bite On*, the Report of the Forward Committee. In addition to a service at the Camp, members attended Holy Communion at local churches and the Week-end closed with a session of "Any Questions?" On the lighter side, we were entertained by a Junior Girls Choir, who put to shame our feeble attempt at community singing!

BRYAN HALL.

The Name of the Child

This Christmas story was written by CHARLES POTTS in the Western Desert shortly after the Battle of Alamein. The writer, who is at present home on leave in Britain, is Toc H Hon. Commissioner in Uganda.

"**H**APPY CHRISTMAS, Corporal" said Nobby. "Same to you" I replied. Greetings were passed round the section, calling from one slit-trench to another.

It was a cold dawn. There was a clammy ground mist that clung round the camel-thorn bushes. I shivered and clapped my hands together to restore my circulation. My great-coat and balaclava were soaked with dew: my moustache drooped cold and wet. The folks at home thought that the desert was always warm. Little did they know.

A battery of 25-pounders started to bang away from behind us. Jerry soon retaliated with his counterfire. Shells screamed over our heads and landed about fifty yards beyond us. Shrapnel whined past and dropped with clanking noises against nearby rocks and stones.

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, goodwill amongst men." I pondered this message of Christmas, but somehow it did not seem to make sense just then.

The sun appeared like a hazy orange shining through the mist. Gradually it soaked up the moisture, and the mist began to clear.

Between us and the enemy lay a deep valley. To the right, in the distance, lay the Mediterranean. In the valley was a small Arab village, battered to a shambles by shellfire and completely derelict—or so we thought. It was in No Man's Land, having been abandoned by the enemy only the day before—probably full of mines and booby-traps.

Dodger was on duty as look-out man. "Oi, Corporal," he called softly.

"What's up?" I asked.

"A couple of people coming up from the village."

I crawled over to Dodger's slit-trench and looked in the direction in which he was pointing.

Two figures emerged from the mist and gradually they became more distinct. Very slowly they approached, a man

and a woman, stumbling and halting as they struggled towards us along a dried-up stream-bed. They were sheltered from shellfire by the high banks. The man was supporting the woman and holding some sort of bundle in his left hand.

"Look harmless enough," I said. "Must be refugees from the village, though I don't know how they survived that bashing by our artillery yesterday. I shouldn't think there's a single house standing intact. They don't look as if they could be fifth columnists or dressed-up Jerries. Still we'd better take the necessary precautions."

When they had come within earshot, I called out to them to halt. The other men in the section were all on their feet by this time peering out of their trenches. Telling Tiffy and Nobby to give covering fire in case there might be any treachery, I took Dodger with me towards the two people.

A closer view of them was a great shock to both of us. For my part, I was never so moved to pity in my life as I was at the sight of this unhappy pair of refugees. The man was a ragged scarecrow, with unkempt beard and matted hair. His burnous was in tatters. His face was so thin that his cheek-bones protruded grotesquely below the deep hollow pits that were his eyes. The woman's face was veiled; only her dark tragic eyes showed above the veil. Both of them were in the last stages of exhaustion. The bundle, that was in the man's left arm, was a very young baby. No words were needed. Dodger, a giant of a fellow, walked over to the woman and lifted her gently up into his arms. Neither she nor the man made any protest: they were beyond protesting at anything. I took the baby in one arm and supported the man with the other. We brought them back to our section position and lowered them carefully into a trench.

There was not much room for them, but we did our best to make them comfortable. It may have been against orders, but we gave them nearly all our water ration, taking a chance that more would be provided.

What a grand little baby that was! He chuckled cheerfully and gripped one of my thumbs which I wiggled about in front of him. The star turn of his performance was when I put my face close to him and he seized my whiskers in his two chubby little hands and pulled ecstatically, to my discomfort but to the great amusement of all the onlookers. It was this incident that first brought a smile to the mother's face, though she studied my expression first to make sure that the child had not

hurt me. My laughter reassured her. She had removed her veil while she ate and drank. She was very young—eighteen, I should say, at the most. It warmed our hearts to see her face light up with pleasure.

Tiffy was making quaint clucking noises and grimacing horribly. I would have thought his face was enough to frighten a hungry lion, let alone a helpless infant. But the child was enchanted and gurgled his delight. Soon the parents were both laughing happily. The mother's teeth shone gloriously white in her swarthy face, and her lovely dark eyes began to sparkle.

We debated amongst ourselves as to what was to be our next course in assisting these new-found protégés. I eventually decided that Tiffy should take them back to a village a mile or two behind our lines, and see if he could arrange any sort of transport to take them still further back to a safer zone. In case he should need money for this, we pooled our resources. We were not badly off just then, having been in the desert for some months with no opportunity to spend much of our pay. We gave Tiffy everything that we had, and included most of our reserve rations. We had become so attached to the family that we felt that nothing was too good for them. As Tiffy said, the baby was our adopted godchild.

Being only a corporal, I had not the authority to let Tiffy leave our front-line position. Without higher authority to sanction his departure Tiffy would doubtless have been picked up by the Military Police and arrested as a deserter. Feeling rather foolish, because of my odd request, I went over to Platoon Headquarters to explain. Our lieutenant had been wounded a day or two before, so the platoon was temporarily commanded by Sergeant Butcher. He was a tough old regular soldier, but the ferocity of his appearance belied his warm heart. He listened sympathetically and sent me to see the company commander.

I always quailed when addressing old Major "Bashem," as we nicknamed him. "Never heard of such a thing," he said when I had made my request. His moustache bristled and he pounded his fist on a frail little camp-table, so that I feared for its survival. "A lot of nonsense," he added. "You men are all sentimental creatures.—Never make proper soldiers of you.—Hopeless."

Then his glare melted into a smile. "All right," he said. "Send one of your men back to escort these friends of yours,

--but see that he doesn't loiter about." Again he scowled. "No playing about, see. Tell him to come straight back.—Here, I'll give you a pass for him."

The major wrote out a pass on a sheet of his message pad and handed it to me. He was smiling once more. "Good man," he said. "I'm glad you're doing this. You might see the colour-sergeant and ask him if he's got any buckshee rations to spare for these poor devils." Another scowl. "Go on then, get moving." I saluted and left him. As I walked away I heard him muttering. "Lot of nonsense. Never heard of such a thing."

Tiffy was so intent with the baby as he carried it away, that he stumbled over a large stone. "You'll be falling over those flat feet of yours if you don't watch where you're going," I shouted after him. We were all mighty sorry to see the last of our friends and we waited anxiously for Tiffy's return, to know that he had disposed of them safely.

Christmas dinner was brought up to us and it included tinned turkey and tinned plum-pudding. There was even a bottle of beer per man, the first beer that we had seen since before Alamein, over three months ago, in spite of newspaper stories that beer was being sent regularly to the front-line troops of the Eighth Army. We wished that we could have entertained our guests to that dinner, but we had thought that it was as well that they should be out of danger as soon as possible. As it happened, they would have been safe enough if they had stayed with us for a few hours longer, for Jerry left off shelling us for most of the day. We hoped that he too was enjoying his Christmas dinner. We kept Tiffy's beer and rations aside for him. The beer more than made up for our loss of water rations, though I vow that we had never thought of that when we gave the water to the refugees.

I had my work cut out that day to keep the men's interest on the look-out in the direction of the enemy, for they were much too intent on peering back to search for Tiffy's return. Men always talk lightheartedly in front-line positions to disguise their fear and nervousness. That day we were all filled with anxiety, and so we talked more nonsense than usual. Dodger described his last Christmas before the war, when he lived in the East-end of London.

"Cor, lovely time we 'ad," he said. "My little nipper, 'e were in Millwall 'Orspital.—'Ad 'is tonsils taken out.—So me and the ole woman, we gets invited to the party in the

Children's Ward.—Cor, you never saw such a Christmas tree as what they 'ad, right up to the ceiling. And the ole chap that they 'ad dressed up as Father Christmas, 'e 'ad to 'ave a ladder to get up that tree.—Getting along fine 'e were, giving out toys and making snappy remarks, till 'e got 'is cotton-wool beard stuck in 'is mouth and nearly swallered it.—Didn't 'alf get 'ot and bothered after that, but them nippers enjoyed it all right. In the evening we goes round to the Settlement and sings carols and does 'Knees up, Mother Brown'.—Blimey, I wouldn't mind being back there with the ole woman and the nipper today, but our 'ouse 'as been blitzed now and the ole woman's been evacuated to the country. The kid was killed by the bomb that 'it our 'ouse.—Don't like living in the country, my wife don't.—Says she might as well be dead all the time. Cor, aint 'alf a one, she aint.—Likes 'er bit of fun."

Tiffy came back in the evening, and I shall never forget the look of him as he rejoined us. Nobody could ever call Tiffy handsome—in fact I have heard him referred to as a prize exhibit for ugliness—but there was a radiant expression on his face that almost made him beautiful. He described all that had happened. The only transport that he could get was an Arab donkey, and he had had to buy it. It had used up all our savings.

"But, by God," he said, "it was worth it. I wish you could have seen 'em as they went off with that there donkey. It brought back to my mind a picture that I saw years ago when I was a kid at Sunday School."—(Picture that big ugly rogue Tiffy at Sunday School! We could not help smiling at the thought.)

"In fact," Tiffy continued, "it was so much like that picture that I couldn't 'elp asking—through an interpreter bloke that I found in the village—what were the names of these folk.—And believe it or not, their names were Joseph and Mary. Can you beat that?—I didn't ask the name of the child. Some'ow it didn't seem necessary. I sort of felt that I knew it."

We sat silent, spell-bound, thoughtful. It was Dodger who broke the silence—and until that time I would never have thought that Dodger had ever seen a Bible—except perhaps when he had to swear on it when he was up on a court-martial charge.

"Reminds me," he said, "of some words in the Bible: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, ye have done it unto Me.'"

CHARLES POTTS.

Branch Briefs from all quarters

◆ MACCLESFIELD have assisted in sponsoring a Disabled Persons Club in the town.

◆ An attempt by students to remove the sign outside Mark IV, MANCHESTER, was successfully thwarted by the Marksmen.

◆ MABLETHORPE and BIRMINGHAM co-operated very happily when SANDWELL Branch took their Blind Club

Outing to the Lincolnshire coast. The long journey was thoroughly enjoyed, also a full seaside programme of boats, ponies and all the fun of the fair, while members of MABLETHORPE Toc H Women's Association provided a wonderful tea.

◆ The Vineyards Children's Home have adopted two new 'Uncles' from WELLINGTON.

◆ A search for seabirds with oil-clogged wings has been undertaken by members of HAVERIGG, who were assisting the R.S.P.C.A.

◆ WORTLEY-DE-LEEDS, the newest branch in Leeds, received their Lamp at a Guest-night held in their rooms on September 30.

◆ LOCKLEAZE members are to act as foster fathers to local children who have lost one or both of their parents.

◆ As a result of plans being worked out now, it is hoped we shall see a Branch again in BRADFORD in the near future.

◆ FYLDE District Team recently gathered members and friends together at the New Continental Hotel, Blackpool. Padre Ian Robins of St. Anne's, playing now his accordion and now his guitar, sang songs in French and in the language of the Wild West. Members from the Branches contributed sketches which were decidedly dramatic. The evening ended with the Toc H film strip and a talk from Harry Thatcher.

◆ Padre Roger Dabbs, a former Area Padre, has been the prime mover in the formation of a new group at GROUVILLE, Jersey. Harry Gell handed the Rushlight to Dennis Willmett during a brief visit with Greeno in October.

◆ Peter Raban, a former Area Secretary now Ordained, is one of a small band helping in the formation of a group at WINCHESTER.

◆ Padre Raban spoke at a Guest-night following the presentation of a Lamp by Bishop Lang to the revived Branch at WOOLSTON, and during the same week John Goss presented its original Lamp to the re-formed Branch at ANDOVER.

◆ On Sunday, December 19 at 3 p.m., the Toc H Male Voice Choir will lead a Carol Service in the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, Birdcage Walk, London, S.W.1.

PRISON-VISITING

On Saturday, January 29, 1955, there will be a Conference at 42 Trinity Square, London, E.C.3, for Toc H members engaged in or interested to learn more about Prison-Visiting.

The Conference will last from 6.0 p.m. till 9.0 p.m. approximately. High Tea will be available at 42 Trinity Square from 5.0 p.m. (Price 2s. 6d.).

A limited amount of hospitality for the night can be provided by London Toc H members for those coming from far afield who are unable to make their own arrangements.

Mr. R. D. Fairn, of the Prison Commission, who is Director of Prison Administration will be the chief speaker. Hubert Secretan will be in the chair.

Admission will be by ticket (free). Those wishing to take part are asked to write as early as possible to Alec Churcher at Toc H Headquarters.

BLACK and WHITE

"Race and colour cause some of the acutest tensions in our society and call for both moral and political decisions, on which the whole future of the human race may depend" writes IAIN FRASER in the Winter number of *New Forum*, just published. On another page BARCLAY BARON, in reviewing Alexander Campbell's *The Heart of Africa*, contributes a masterly and up-to-date outline of the African scene. Other writers include BRIAN LYNES, HARRY GELL, JOHN ADAM and JOHN FLETCHER.

Now in its ninth year of publication, *New Forum* is better than ever and well worth the modest four shillings and six-pence that covers a whole year's subscription. If you are not already a regular reader, why not become a subscriber today? (N.B. It would also make an attractive present to a thoughtful friend). Please send your order direct to Toc H Publications Dept., 47, Francis Street, London, S.W.1.

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Confessions of a Commentator

*An inside account of football broadcasts by RON ELSE who is also
the Hon. Warden of Toc H, Mark V.*

I AM PRIVILEGED to be among those who bring football to the hospitals by broadcasting the first team matches of the "Saints" every other week or so. There will, doubtless, be trials and tribulations, surprises and setbacks as the weeks go by, that is, if the previous year's experience is anything to go on.

We started off last year in a reasonable enough way. Southampton played at home, and Toc H members were there to commentate. In the excitement of the game, an unparliamentary expression escaped from the lips of one of our number, the full impact of which was received by several hundred patients. I am convinced that, owing to that regrettable, but human, error, penance was exacted upon us, for our efforts during the remainder of the season were all fraught with some danger or other.

Complacency shattered

Why the sins of the wicked should have been visited upon their friends I do not know, but I was the sufferer in one of the next few matches. The "Saints" were to play the South African touring team in a friendly match by floodlight. With the greatest respect to our Commonwealth friends, a South African name is second only in unpronounceability to that of a Czech. I, therefore, determined that, if any one muffed it that night it would not be me, bought a local paper that afternoon and studied the names of the teams until I had them perfectly in my mind. I got my friends to suggest a position on the football field, and I would, unhesitatingly, name the player in that position. I was ready for the game. Unfortunately, so were hundreds of others, with the result that all the buses were full, and I was ten minutes late arriving at my seat by the microphone. I thanked my stars that I had had the intelligence and foresight to mug up my teams in good time. This self-complacency was shattered in an instant, when my colleagues told me, to my horror, that, since the team was

published in the paper, the South Africans had thought fit to effect no less than seven team changes! And, to add the final mortifying touch, they were wearing green shirts, with yellow numbers on the back, which, under floodlighting, were virtually impossible to decipher. It was a cold evening, but I sweated.

Shortly after this match winter came with a vengeance. During the day it was bearable, but, at night, it was bitterly cold. Finally the snow thawed, and we thought we were in for a slightly better time of it. Not a hope. Southampton had arranged an evening match against Pegasus, the famous amateur club. We thought the hospitals would like to hear about it. We said we would be there.

Sticking it out

That afternoon the temperature crashed to a point it had not previously reached, and snow began to fall once more. By five o'clock it lay on the ground to a depth of three inches. "Surely," I said to myself, "surely no one will be mad enough to play in this." But nobody 'phoned me to say that the game was off. When I tried to 'phone the ground I could obtain no reply. I had always been schooled to turn up for a sporting event unless previously told not to. Much against my better judgement, therefore, I donned three pairs of woollen socks, two pairs of trousers, four pullovers, two scarves and a thick raincoat. One pair of gloves, one hat, and one pair of shoes, unfortunately, were all I could fit to my extremities. I set off. I was not unduly worried about being frostbitten, because, all the way to the ground, I became strengthened in my conviction that the game must have been cancelled. The snow kept falling, and, with each flake, my hopes ran higher. The rude awakening came when I was fifty yards from the ground, when my ears were assailed by music from the band. In normal circumstances I like music. It soothes me; it excites me; or it transports me to fairy realms. This time it transported me to the edge of a nervous breakdown. I suddenly realised that a few hundred ardent supporters really wanted to see the game, and that the Southampton Board of Directors were not disposed to disappoint them. I mused for a moment on the fanaticism of the sport-loving British public. I noted, on entering the stand, that the spectators had all gravitated to the rear, to escape the biting wind. Our place was, naturally enough, right down the front, and, with the

limited amount of electric cable available, we jolly well had to stay there. The wind blew directly into our faces, and, every time we opened our mouths, we swallowed vast quantities of snow. In short, it was uncomfortable.

Had I been able to spare it for a brief moment, my hat would have been raised to the players for turning out on a night like this. Our spells at the microphone were short that evening. After ten minutes we would be relieved by the one whose hands were warmest. He would then prise iced fingers from the microphone holder and begin his agonised spell of commentary. True to the Bulldog Tradition we stuck it to the end, but I could not help but wish that my firm would open a branch office in the south of Italy. That I did not catch double pneumonia, nor even a common cold, I merely state as a fact. I offer no explanation. Maybe a piping hot bath saved me, or perhaps the gods considered we had had sufficient torture. But I swear that, ten minutes after the game, I could not have told anybody the score.

With the advent of the warmer weather, when the temperature rose to nearly freezing point, our fortunes improved. Our only other really difficult time was when we broadcast a boys' match. There were twenty-two youngsters on the field, each one looking very much like another from a distance, and not one of them with a number on his back!

And so, to the present season. I can't wait for the panics, but will, nevertheless, wait until they arise before worrying about them. Who would be a Toc H football commentator? Personally speaking, I wouldn't swap.

RON ELSE.

* * *

ON THE BALL

Skilful Soccer (Educational Productions Ltd., 6s. 0d.).

The fact that this book is an official publication of the Football Association is enough to recommend it. It covers the whole game with coaching hints and suggests many training exercises. It should certainly be in every school and club's library where that shaped ball is used and would be a welcome Christmas present to a boy of between 10 and 15 years.

H.G.

A Flying Bedstead

DURING this last summer the members of St. Just Branch, seven miles west of Penzance, entered a tableau in the local Carnival. They designed and made a remarkable 'aircraft' which they named "The Flying Bedstead" and they won the first prize. Their model was made from two old bed-ends and was complete with propeller, folding wings and an umbrella to keep the 'pilot' dry.



Soon afterwards, another "Flying Bedstead" was launched upon an unsuspecting world by Messrs. Rolls-Royce, to whom the Branch immediately wrote alleging infringement of copyright, but adding that they would be willing to "settle out of court" if a small donation could be sent to their funds. They received a charming reply enclosing a cheque for £5—upon the condition that any future improvements which might be made to the St. Just model should be placed freely at the disposal of the Rolls-Royce designers!

Incidentally, this donation came in handy to pay for a coachouting for a party of German children who were visiting Cornwall about that time.

MAYNE ELSON.

Open Hustings

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on all matters concerning Toc H. For reasons of space the right is reserved to shorten letters received, but every effort is made to print a representative selection.

The H Bomb

PLEASE allow me space to reply to John Callf. much though I deplore not being able to see eye to eye with him.

There are two aspects of the Bomb. (1) The weapon itself, and (2) The idea that such a thing could be brought into use. With regard to the first; the individual whose concern with the bomb is on account of the damage it may do to him or his is not likely to have sufficient interest in his fellows to be found within a Toc H Branch.

As regards (2), how can we, to use John Callf's words, teach men the art of living together as God wants, unless we repudiate with all our power the idea that there can be any circumstances which justify blind indiscriminate mass destruction of fellow human beings? Those who can see any of the old heroic virtues coming out of mechanised warfare have failed to let their thinking keep pace with the facts.

I do not believe that any individual is on this earth in order to preserve his own life or to ensure existence in some

future state. I believe that the purpose of the Creator is that Man, by his own efforts and guided by the Eternal Spirit, should so advance in knowledge and use of himself that some time (it may be millions of years hence) there will be the Kingdom of Heaven on earth. We know very little at present regarding Man's psyche, but all we do know tends to emphasise that the material counts for little, and that we are indeed "partakers one with another" through our common spiritual aspect.

Those that have this faith do not fear what man can do unto them because ideologies come and go, but the Spirit of Man, infused in him by his Maker, is bound to triumph eventually.

To grant for a moment that the H Bomb and its like have a place in the relation of man to man is to blaspheme this Spirit and to set Man back on his upward progress.

Such ideas should have been treated as an evil dream, and if Toc H makes no protest when they are given substance, it is forgetting the words of its Leader:—"He that will save his

life shall lose it" Already we can see the spread of violence and cruelty throughout the world and the decline of Values, because men's thoughts are evil. Toc H should be in the forefront of those who protest.

R. MACDONALD LADELL (6,197)
Scarborough.

I AM often, an interested reader of the JOURNAL, but not a member of Toc H. Nevertheless, the strength of the challenge Toc H can make to the present times is of interest not only to your own membership.

John Callf writes about this challenge (October issue). "The H Bomb is the end-product of bad human relationships at all levels of society . . . Toc H was never intended to address itself to end-products but to first causes. We believe in treating the sickness not the spots . . ."

Modern medicine tends to say 'the sickness' and the 'spots' are indivisible and successful treatment must include both. I am surprised if Toc H finds it easy to draw a line where 'first causes' (and its own field) stop and 'end-products' begin.

Assuming it is possible, should not some of the other jobs cited as suitable also be ruled out for the same reason as the H Bomb? A Toc H group, in some countries, working for racial reconciliation, must surely find itself in a situation where 'first causes' and 'end-products' (Practice of a colour bar) are inextricably entwined?

Similarly, I feel, the H Bomb does not make its first impact on us at the moment it explodes. It (and other weapons) are part of society. We use our talents inventing them; we pay for them; our hands make them; we train ourselves in their use. Is it not natural for us (and especially Christians?) to wonder whether this willingness (albeit reluctant) to do these things might not be an integral part of the 'end-product'?

This seems a valid question to put to our spiritual leaders, and when John Callf writes "Ours is the simple business of teaching men the "art of living together as God wants them to live . . .?" and K. Prideaux-Bruno says that members "should . . . consist only of the spiritually outstanding of each generation . . ." they appear to be putting Toc H's claim in that field.

If Toc H makes it in such terms, and yet at the same time, appears to veto, complex issues by defining them as 'end-products' I do not believe it will command the respect it should.

DEREK EDWARDS.
Hindhead, Surrey.

MAY I—a pacifist—support John Callf's letter to the effect that the H Bomb is not or should not be an issue in Toc H. Our Movement is not a debating club (if it were it would not get much work done!) and no one organisation can achieve everything!